

Monthly, \$1.00 per Annum.

Should be in the hands of all Phonographers. SEND TO BENGOUGH BROS FOR SAMPLE COPY.

The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer

For Superior Book and Artistic Job Printing, Bengough Bros. are unsurpassed. Send for estimates.

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.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by a newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 14

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

Phonographic Publications.

ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Table listing various phonographic publications and their prices, including 'Compend of Phonography', 'Exercises in Phonography', 'The Reporter's Guide', etc.

EXTRACTS.

Table listing extracts from various works, such as 'Ten Pounds and Other Tales', 'Character of Washington', etc.

FOR SALE BY

BENGOUGH BROTHERS, 30 Adelaide-st. east, Toronto.

F. H. Torrington, Organist Metropolitan Church, Conductor of Philharmonic Society.

Teacher of Organ, Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Theory.

Will Resume His Lessons on September 1st, 1880.

Terms, upon application to 23 Elm street, Toronto.

IMPORTANT TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

The undersigned wish to negotiate for special accommodation, in the business portion of the city, for their Printing and Publishing Business, by the erection of a new structure or alteration of one now existing.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS, 30 Adelaide Street East.

"The Beaty-Ryan-Wright-lad,"

AN EPIC OF THE ELECTION.

Fierce was the conflict that raged in the Western wards of Toronto. When BEATY and RYAN and WRIGHT waged the dubious war for election. "High Tory" and "Grit" and "Rag Baby" his banner each party wrote on to, And claimed that he was (only more so) the veriest pink of perfection.

Quoth BEATY, the keen-nosed, the prudent, as, true to the cue of his party, He rose from his chair where he's wont to distribute his "justice" justly. To "vags" and "sichlike":—"Friends, you don't think I am scar't, eh? 'I'll sit in the forum at Ottawa ere the lake carries its lust ice!

I stand by the N. P. and JOHN A., I stick by the Railwa Pacific, "I don't care a—cent for the Grits, and I'm perfectly charmed with Protection. I'm in love with the policy followed by that potentate grand and magnific. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, the Premier, and I'm sure I can count on election."

Then RYAN rose up in his armour—his Erin-bred blood could not stand it,— "By the powers o' MOLL KELLY! I tell ye, we can't have you spakin such lang'age here, I'll lay my shillelagh about you, you dirty political bandit, An' tache you that PADDY's improved when he is born in the county of Lancashire."

WRIGHT rose, and he nursed at his bosom a bantering— "twas limp and saw-dusty; His gaze at his breast was maternal, and thus he addressed the surroundings, "Peace babbler!" he said, "for the baby I hold here completely will bust ye, And send you adrift on a sea of defeat where none will discover the soundings."

The battle raged hard where the leaders were ranged—

And that is all GRIP knew about it till the polling wa over and then he unhesitatingly declared BEATY elected. Which he was, and this shows that a prophet poses bes who vaticinates ex post facto.

THE COMING DRINK

K-A-O-K-A

DESTINED TO

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE

TEA AND COFFEE.

In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallible cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness and all complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs.

Sold in half-pound tin-foil packets, at ten cents, by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which is, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education, and without which the newspaper fraternity, the railroad companies and our courts, as well as other businesses and organizations, would proceed and move forward slowly. The "Canadian Writer" is illustrated each month with well engraved fac similes of the leading systems of the day, including those of Pitman, Graham, Munson, Cross and others, and the publishers, Messrs. Bengough Brothers of Toronto, Canada, certainly have filled a long-felt want among the "swift writing" fraternity.—Daily Nonpariel, Council Bluffs, Iowa

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. [July 14] after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the WRITER several days earlier. Perhaps you will receive the statement with a smile, but I am guilty of offering you nothing in the form of an exaggeration when I say that since the last No. of the WRITER with its funny pictures came to hand, I have gained 22 lbs avoirdupois, so heartily have I laughed over the cartoons. Tell Bengough I am indebted to him for being instrumental in securing for me a new lease of life, for I was one of the most consumptive looking bipeds that ever existed on the crust of this terrestrial sphere. The Miscellany will always be on hand to assist in extending the circulation of its Ontario clum."—T. W. Bell, Editor Printers' Miscellany St. John N. B.

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portrait of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c. An Irishwoman is picturesquely represented in a scolding mood, speaking to her husband at the extraordinary rate of "three hundred words a minute!" The great Napoleon is represented as sitting contemplatively on the rock of St. Helena and saying, "I wish I had somebody to take me down now!" The get-up of the number is good.—Newcastle, Eng. Courant, July 6th.

Subscription \$1.00 per Annum. Single Copies 10c. Send for Sample Number.

BENGOUGH BROS., Publishers.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

JOHN B. GOUGH is to lecture in Woodstock on Friday, 22nd October.

Professor YOUNG has been lecturing on Music at St. John, last week.

FLORENCE MARYATT is going on a reading tour, and is expected to visit Canada.

HAVELEY will establish a Theatre at Honolulu. The Sandwich Islanders are said to have marked dramatic appreciation.

At his farewell benefit, Mr. IRVING announced a new play by TENNYSON and a new tragedy by Mr. W. G. WILLS. The name of the latter is "Rienzi."

EDMOND LEATHS, an English actor, has written a book entitled "An Actor Abroad" relating experiences of professional visits to Australia and elsewhere.

The Grand Opera House will be re-opened next Monday, Sept. 6th, when JOSEPH MERRILL, the eminent Comedian, will appear in Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue.

The KATE CLAXTON Comedy Company played with success to large houses at Fredericton. "The Orphans" and the "Double Marriage" were the dramas performed.

SARA BERNHARDT has added to her popularity in Paris by her now famous retort to the German Ambassador who proposed the health of France, telling him to give "France Reunited."

The times are changed since it was said in England, "Who cares to see an American actor?" Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, it is now known, is engaged for the Princess Theatre, London.

The HOLMAN Spectacular Company will appear at the Horticultural Gardens for six nights beginning Sept. 6th. This is an excellent company, and will do credit to the manager's enterprise in securing them.

The Musical Convention at Guelph last week, had a concert at the City Hall, with chorus of 150 voices, and was a great success. Such conventions in our leading cities would consolidate musical talent and much improve the musical taste of the public.

The Toronto *Telegram* forebodes a hard dramatic season in the States on account of the absorbing interest of the elections. Our contemporary has visions of this country being pervaded by "wandering stars" and combination companies of doubtful excellence. Only too possible. GRIP has noticed with pleasure the good dramatic criticisms in the *Telegram*.

Figaro censures Colonel HAVELEY of the Mastodon Minstrels for in a rather spiteful way withdrawing advertisements of the "Mastodons" from *Figaro*. That clever and spirited paper makes the following just comment, which all dramatic critics will endorse:

I wish my brethren of the American press to know this, and to consider the estimate placed by this stupid showman upon the fair criticism of the newspapers of the English capital.

ILLEGALITY OF SUNDAY CONCERTS.—His Lordship Chief Justice HAGARTY delivered judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench yesterday in the case of the Queen v. BARNES, involving the question of the observance of the Sabbath. He dismissed the appeal, and allowed the conviction to stand. The case will, consequently, not be likely to be carried any further.—*Mail*.

GRIP applauds the decision. As a comic journalist, to put it on the lower economic ground, he knows the value of the Sabbath.

MILTON NORLES and his company in the *Phoenix* and *Man of the People*, have enjoyed a good share of patronage at the Royal this week.

They depart on Friday night for St. Louis, to be succeeded next week by HAVELEY's Monster Minstrels, a company which is announced to be 100 strong, and no doubt is so, as HAVELEY generally produces just what he promises. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11. 30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

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

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 7 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

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

INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS IN THE *Accident Insurance Company of Canada*. Travelling Tickets at the rate of 25c. a day, and Policies issued for stated terms gratuity, indemnity for bodily injury and loss of life. Apply, BUCHAN & CO., General Agents, 32 KING STREET EAST. "Buy a ticket before you start on your journey."

BENGOUGH BROTHERS'

Shorthand Employment Bureau

30 Adelaide street East.

Next door to the Post Office. TORONTO, ONT.

FOR several years we have been identified with shorthand writers of all schools, in the way of supplying phonographic literature, conducting manuscript phonographic magazines, and—by virtue of the official position of one of the members of the firm—in conducting negotiations between phonographers on the one hand, and Insurance Companies, Newspaper Publishers, Lawyers, and the Professions, on the other, with the object of furnishing the former with employment and the latter with assistants. Our relations with the fraternity in all these branches have been most pleasant, and we have been enabled to secure permanent and lucrative positions for phonographers who, without the assistance proffered them, might to-day have been plodding on in small towns at poor salaries.

The extending of a helping hand to Phonographers striving for positions in which they might both utilize and increase their knowledge of the "beautiful art," has been in the past a labor of love—no attempt being made at a system of registration; and the endeavor to meet the wishes of employers and employees has, therefore, been made under many disadvantages, which have now been removed by complete organization.

PLAN.—We shall keep a register of names of all applicants for employment, each one furnishing us with full particulars as to speed, education, salary required, etc., upon a blank form prepared for the purpose. A nominal charge of \$1 will be made for registration. This fee will include all expenses—correspondence, advertising, etc., until the applicant is settled in his situation, when a nominal commission on the annual salary secured will be received—payable on receipt of the first month's salary.

PROSPECTS.—The field for the employment of Shorthand Writers who can bring to their work a thorough knowledge of the art, a clear head, energy, and will to work, is unlimited, and we have unsurpassed facilities for finding out vacancies and learning just what kind of men are wanted.

Shorthand Writers who are out of employment, or desire to improve their positions, will be furnished with blank form for registration on receipt of a 3c. stamp. All correspondence confidential.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS,

Shorthand Employment Bureau,

30 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Canada.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

France and Spain have just concluded a copy-right treaty.

WHITTIER has written a beautiful lyric on ROBERT BURNS.

The *Napanee Standard* has a good Temperance lyric, "Be a Man."

The *Collingwood Messenger* comes out as a neatly equipped evening daily.

Literary Ladies are rapidly coming to the front. Witness, Mrs. K. A. SANBORN; appointed to the chair of English Literature at SMITH'S College, Mass.

The new Toronto *World* is making its mark for vigorous writing. It is a BLAKE Liberal. Another new Toronto evening journal has been announced, but will not appear.

The Peterborough *Examiner* extracts from GRIP an account of "Canadian Statesmen in England." The *Examiner* is a live sheet and a credit to Canadian journalism.

The St. John *Telegraph* complains of the *Sun* of that city applying language of fulsome adulation to the respected editor of the *Telegraph*. Our friends should be more careful, in this hot weather. *Sun* strokes are dangerous.

There is a *fracas* between SWINBURNE the poet, and the Shakesperian Society as championed by Mr. FURNIVAL. Both use the strong personal language generally supposed to be peculiar to irate opposition editor of country papers. "Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The Guelph *Herald* has a good editorial on classical plagiarism. It reminds us of an epigram which has pathos as well as point:—

The thieves they came to the Parson's door,
They stole the wine he drank, the clothes he wore,
But they could not steal his sermons, for they were stolen before.

The September Magazines have come to hand. *Harper* and *Scribner* are both good numbers, with the usual excellent illustrations which constitute a new departure in art, partaking in some degree of the features of English and of French engravings, the finish of the former, the lightness of the latter. Principal GRANT's chapters on the Dominion are admirable.

GRIP gets off an excellent cartoon anent the press excursion in its last issue. The editor of the *Era* is represented as enjoying a dance with one of the dusky maidens of the forest. Mr. ARNONE, who had charge of the party, does not appear to get along so well upon the water as on the railroad. From his position at the side of the boat, we should judge that he was trying to "hear what the wild waves are saying." *Aurora Borealis*.

We always like to get hold of GRIP. Our humorous contemporary has now a grip on his readers, and every week he tightens it. His political cartoons are pictorial commentaries on events as they rise, and they always hit off their subjects cleverly. GRIP gets no end of fun out of JOHN A. and the N. P., and he has made the face and figure of our Premier as familiar to the Canadian public, as *Punch* made that of his great prototype, BEN. DISRAELI, Earl BEACONSFIELD, to the British people. If RABELAIS, the great French humorist, (to whom, by the way, his countrymen raised a statue, after the lapse of four centuries, the other day at Tours) is right, when he says, (and the sentiment is engraved on the monument,) that "laughter is the chief end of man," then must such a mirth-compelling organ as GRIP be as necessary as it is amusing, and it should have the widest circulation.—*Maritime Farmer*.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.



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.

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

To Correspondents.

A Grit.—You write to us proposing to unseat Mr. BEATY by a petition. We have informed Dr. CLARK at the Asylum of the fact of your being at large.

A Student.—You ask if McLELLAN'S Mathematical books convey any new ideas about curves. Scarcely, but they do teach us something about Crooks. We fear you incline to go on a bend.

Etymological Student.—"Potato" is derived from the French word *pot-etre*, which means "perhaps" and signifies the uncertainty of the potato crop. "Butterfly" is formed by transposition from "flutter-by."

The Novelty Department.

The Fair ground is at present a scene of great activity. The whole enclosure echoes with a hum of industry which it would do even Sir LEONARD TILLEY good to hear. Workmen are putting the finishing touches on the various buildings, and enterprising exhibitors are scooting around making arrangements for space in what is going to be without doubt the greatest Exhibition Toronto has ever seen. In addition to the usual departments, we understand there is to be a unique Exhibition of Novelties, to which many distinguished persons are likely to contribute. Amongst others it is said that,—

Rev. Dr. RYERSON will show his new book on the "U. E. Loyalists," accompanied by GOLDWYN SMITH'S "recommend" of the same, beautifully embossed on parchment.

Hon. Sir S. L. TILLEY will exhibit a new and ingenious contrivance for diminishing deficits.

Mr. G. B. BROOKS will exhibit a working model of the Reformed Monetary System, shewing the working classes reclining on couches of paper money and quaffing nectar and lemonade.

Mr. JAS. A. LIVINSTONE will show a superb series of volumes containing his complete speeches on Financial and Political questions, illustrated with perspicuous drawings on canvas ten yards square.

Mr. GORDON BROWN will exhibit an extraordinary collection of sour grapes, labelled "Fruits of the N. P."

Hon. A. CROOKS will exhibit a unique assortment of Educational Apparatus, embracing imported Professors, and book-peddling Inspectors, also, paste, scissors, and other raw material used in the authorship of School Manuals.

The ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS will shew a magnificent painting, the joint production of all the members, representing Her Majesty the

Queen graciously granting permission to the Canadian Academy of Arts to call itself the Royal Canadian Academy, if that will do it any good.

The MARQUIS OF LORNE will honor the Exhibition with an original National Ode on the subject of salmon-fishing.

Mr. HENRY J. MORGAN, of Ottawa, will exhibit a striking collection of autograph letters from distinguished merchants.

The London *Free Press* Co. will shew a miniature model of its machine for extracting coppers out of moral garbage, the working of which will be fully explained by its Ambassador.

Time would fail us to enumerate all the other curious things which the public may expect to find in this department; the above are but a very few of them.

Canadian Statesmen in England.

It is to be regretted that the visit of those great statesmen who a few months ago left their country so very much for that country's good, should from untoward circumstances be drawing to a close. The true inwardness of the facts is as follows. At a breakfast given by Sir WILFRED LAWSON, our own TUPPER so far forgot his accustomed caution as to indulge in a strain of reckless fiction respecting his support of the Temperance cause in Canada. He soared to such a wild height of metaphor as to commit himself by saying that he, TUPPER, had supported the SCOTT Act. Of course he might as well have claimed to be the original author of the eighth commandment, but the Tupperian audacity was productive of the most disastrous consequences to poor Sir JOHN and Mr. POPE, who were thus much, against their will, compelled to pose themselves as Temperance Advocates. Sir JOHN'S face is said to have worn its most tragic expression—some have even gone the length of saying that our Premier was heard to swear at TUPPER. The result however has affected all parties concerned—for the liquor interest in London at once shut down on the Canada Temperance Statesmen. Not a drink could they procure. This lamentable state of things is entirely owing to TUPPER'S giving himself away as a Temperance man. The illustrious party will soon return to Canada, accompanied by GALT, but not by the *attaque*, who by the sale of his sword and red coat, has been enabled to get set up in the peaceful occupation of a member of the shoe-black brigade.

The "Bystander" on Woman's Rights.

Professor GOLDWYN SMITH may be clever; but he is very unwise. He has insulted us—we, the fair sex—by plainly intimating that he considers us unfit to be entrusted with a vote. "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer" is to him our implied vocation. No wonder he and other men think so, considering the number of "fools" we have suckled, who are foolish enough to think no "small beer" of themselves in comparison to their mothers, their sisters and their aunts. We who advocate women's right to vote are strongly of opinion that men are such weak creatures, so amenable to flattery and home influences, that it is absolutely unsafe to entrust them with the franchise. What man is there who *dare* vote contrary to the will of his sweetheart, or, in late years, to the expressed opinion of his mother-in-law? Echo answers—none. "Lives there a man with soul so dead he never to himself hath said, 'I'll vote the ticket my darling pled?'" Were it not for innate horror of *shams*, we women would never ask to be allowed to vote openly. We do the most of the voting as it is—that is, we let the men hold the reins but we show them the way to go. It would be quite easy for us to continue to work it in that way; but we don't think it is good for the men that we should always gammon them thus.

We want no secrecy of the domestic ballot, we want to come out openly and set them the example they so specially need. We think the time has come when men should be taught to respect women as well as obey them, and therefore feel impelled to show them that they are not so really our guides as they fancy. We are almost compelled to this course when we find even such learned men as the Professor trying to separate "sins against our sex" in its holiest relationship with them, from "sins of malice"—as if there could exist a longing to gratify self at our expense which had not its root in malicious intent to injure. Love injures no one. Malice does. By their fruits we can discern the one or the other. When we vote, we vote against malice in any of its numerous forms. Till the malice between the sexes ceases, and is replaced by real love, we shall not cease to advocate our right to vote, for women's rights are the only cure for women's wrongs. So at least thinks
ANGELINA.

Plain Words from Truthful Edward.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
Sir SAMUEL L. TILLEY'S peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Which his new balance sheet
For the year that's just past,
Is a regular treat,
And it can't be surpassed
As a piece of financial cooking—
And I'll tell you for why it's so classed.

The amount he had spent
Of the people's bright tin
Was—well, several per cent.
More'n what he'd got in,
And the consequence was a Deficit
Of a million-and-half to a pin.

Now, how do you s'pose
He gets over this count?
Why, he placidly goes
And takes an amount—
One million and three hundred thousand
From the previous *annum's* account.

Which cash had been spent
In the year it was got,
And this financial gent
Knows it's all gone to pot,
And his counting it in again this year
Is what's called in Parliament—*rot*.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
Sir FINANCE L. TILLEY'S peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Punscitorial.

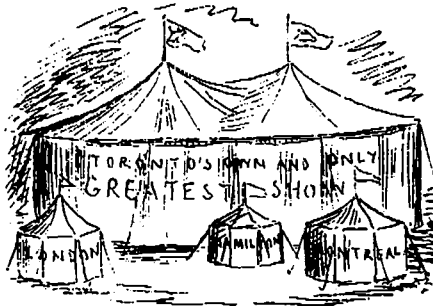
1st Fisherman.—Say, we've perched here long enough; let's pike!
2nd do.—Heaven *succor* us from such puns; give me my bass-ket and let me *scote* the fence!

Scotland Yet!

PAT and BULL once with SANDY
Dry humor did bandy,
When SANDY replied with a whistle,
Wi' the shamrock and rose
You may blow your proud nose,
But ye dare na' do that wi' the thistle!

The majority of the Montreal policemen must have fine moral perceptions. They have decided not to pay anything out of their benevolent fund to the widow of MOISE COURTOUR, a member of the force who committed suicide. She and her children are starving.—*Globe*.

Grip endorses the first paragraph of the above extract from his witty contemporary the *Globe*. If "The Policeman's lot is not a happy one" the Montreal Policeman's lot is made harder by his unchristian and unmanly confroers. We suggest to our trenchant friend of the Montreal *Spectator*, what a fine field is here presented for those strictures on the conduct of other people.



Our Big Show.

Next week on the 6th, Toronto's Own and Only Greatest Show will be opened by his Deputy Royal Highness, Hon. J. B. ROBINSON, and for the ensuing fortnight the city will be crowded with our esteemed country cousins, together with innumerable visitors from our beloved sister-cities of Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, London etc., who will come to get hints as to what constitutes a first class Exhibition. The above imperfect design is submitted as a bird's eye view of the great Toronto circus and the various side-shows in other places. Next week GRIP will celebrate the opening with a fine double number, amply illustrated; and the week following he will make a similar extraordinary effort to please his thousands of readers. He will, moreover, be glad to see all his friends at his department in the main building during the progress of the Exhibition.

The Fruits of Love.

By her marriage with Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, an American, the Baroness BURDETT COUITS would forfeit, it is said, £100,000 stg; that amount being left her on the condition that she would lose it by marriage with an alien.—*London Paper.*

*De gustibus non est disputandum, I trow,
And tastes vary much as to fruits, we all know,
But the relative values of plum and of pear,
To our Baroness maid is a thing very clear.
Two plums and a half, just, she'd give every year,
To possess the one-half of a BARTLETT pear (pair.)*



On His Muscle.

Dr. McLELLAN does not feel disposed to allow the critics to go on abusing his poor little Algebra any longer. So he has taken off his coat in good earnest, and made a display of his ability in the manly art of self-defence. In other words he has written a long letter to the *Globe*, in which his censors receive a rather severe handling. The Doctor emphatically denies that there is any "ring" existing in connection with the Education Department, but alleges on the other hand that there is a veritable and more villainous "ring" amongst cer-

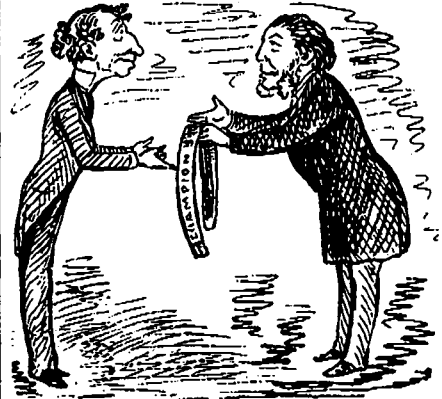
tain sore-heads outside, who are devoting themselves with all the zeal and craftiness of Jesuits to the task of ousting the present occupants of desirable berths, with a view to securing the same for themselves. According to the letter in question Dr. McLELLAN is a most worthy and efficient educationist, whose efforts have been singularly successful in the great work to which he has devoted his life, and his Algebra is an able and admirable work which fills a want long felt. Of course GRIP feels bound to accept this view of the situation, in the absence of evidence in rebuttal, and therefore he takes pleasure in paying the learned doctor the compliment conveyed in the above representation of his prowess as a gladiator.



Consolation for the Reformer:

In view of the unexpected and painful result of the election in West Toronto, the Reformers no doubt stand much in need of consolation, and Mr. GRIP is not the bird to stand by and witness their sorrow without attempting to alleviate it. He therefore hastens to present a little balm which he trusts may prove effective in taking away the sting. This balm is to be found in the following reflections:

1. The election of DEARY is in no wise significant of public opinion, as it is altogether likely that his votes were basely bought, or else the ballot boxes were stuffed.
2. Mr. RYAN would not after all have made a very good member, as it is well known that he is subject to colds in the head.
3. The election of DEARY means another rise in the price of coal, and those who voted for him will—ha! ha!—have to bear the additional burden all by themselves.
4. It is but three years to the general election, when not only West Toronto, but all the other constituencies are going to return Reformers.
5. The Rag Baby suffered more in the fray than the Reform party, and yet it comes up smiling. Surely Reformers are not going to be surpassed in bravery by a Rag Baby!
6. Never mind West Toronto; the party carried North Ontario, which unmistakably shows that there is a reaction against the N. P. and the Government.
7. At all events, we've probably heard the last of the Huron & Ontario Ship Canal for a while.
8. Violent changes are always bad, and it would therefore have been a misfortune to have elected a man of much intellectual force to succeed Mr. J. DEVERLEY ROBINSON.
9. This additional coal tax will have to be balanced by a corresponding addition to the flour tax, and thus poetic justice will be done by punishing the people of Halifax for the defeat of RYAN.
10. Lastly, it is consoling to know that Mr. PARULLO did not put forth any official prophecy as to the result.



Handing over the Belt.

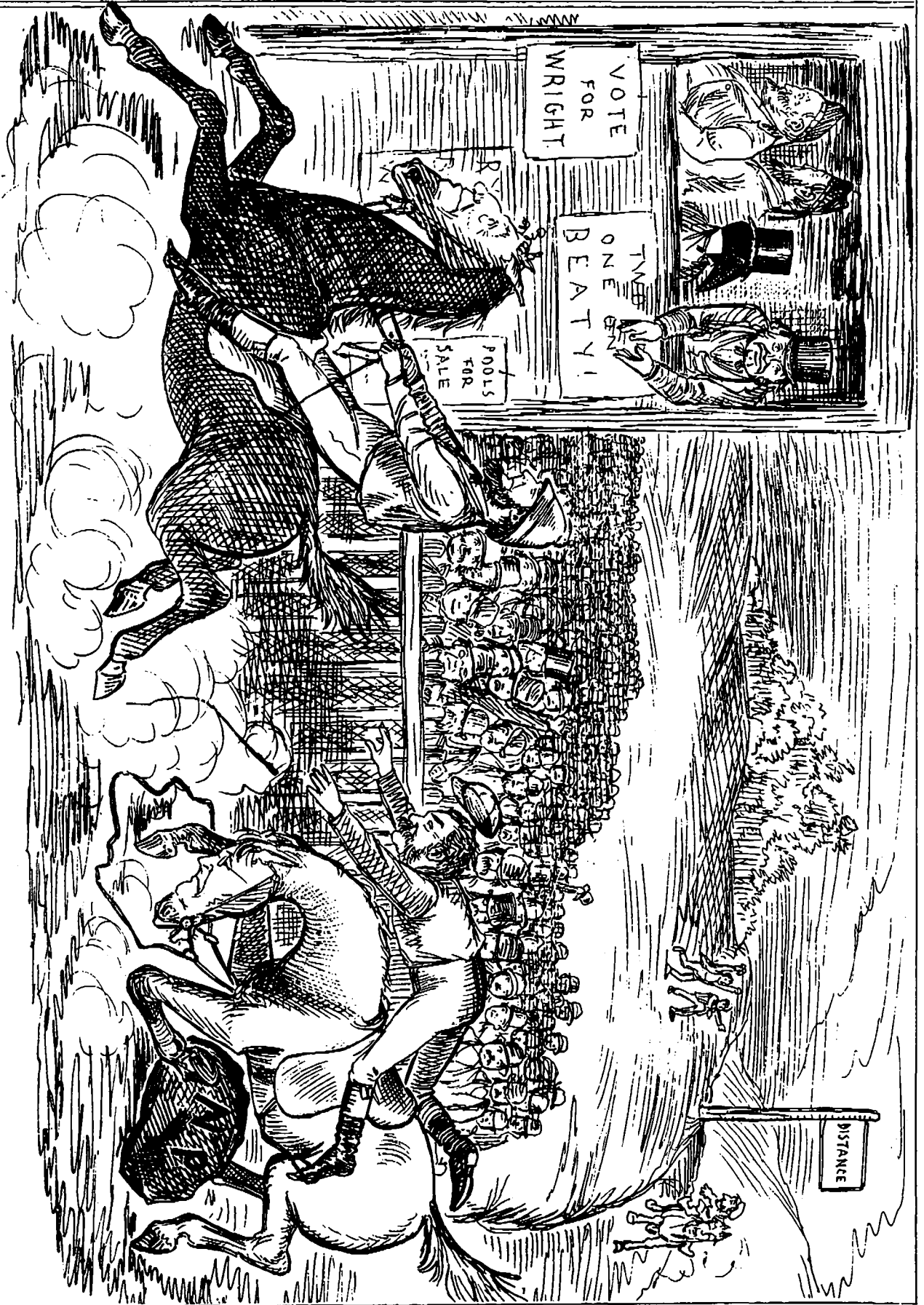
We understand that the Hon. Sir CHARLES TUPPER is about to formally hand over the Belt to his Chieftain, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. The belt we allude to is, of course, that held by the *Champion Stretcher*. Sir JOHN has fairly won the trophy by a recent brilliant display of exaggeration at one of those complimentary dinners in London. In alluding to the military matters of the Empire, he told his auditors that every man in Canada between the ages of 18 and 45 was a soldier. This amply sufficed to secure the Belt, but we fail to see why the astute Premier didn't take full advantage of the occasion and further state that this enormous force was drilled and disciplined up to the highest point of efficiency, that it was thoroughly armed and equipped, and ready for active service at a moment's notice; that the towns and cities of the Dominion were strongly fortified and provisioned for a long siege, and finally that it was all owing to the great N. P.



Still At It.

That naughty little *Globe* boy is at it again, bespattering Prof. SURRY with dirt. It appears to be quite hopeless to wean him from this very discreditable practice by moral suasion, for only the other day his scandalized brother of the *Mail* read him a most admirable lecture, on behalf of journalism in general. GRIP has also frequently expostulated with him, and endeavored to let him see pictorially that his conduct is not only mean and unmanly, but also highly ridiculous. Notwithstanding all this he loses no opportunity of attacking the unfortunate gentleman in question—sometimes using mud balls of his own manufacture, and sometimes borrowing them from other sources. A policeman appears to be the only alternative, and if this little *Globe* boy doesn't mend his ways forthwith, GRIP will shout for one.

THE WEST TORONTO STAKES—THE FINISH!





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A HANGING business—papering.
 A Net-'em-all-ogist.—A dog-catcher.
 A LYING institution—the lodging house.
 The chief end of man—that where the head is.
 The "sectarian issue" people leaving church on Sundays.
 The Chinese plank—an ironing board.—*Keokuk Gate City.*
 A man of morbid tastes—the auctioneer.—*Turcok Strauss.*
 Free of charge—an empty gun.—*Philadelphia Transcript.*
 An Iowa woman has invented a spauk-ophone.—*Exchange.*
 Actors do not like criticism when critters hiss 'em.—*Whitehall Times.*
 Why does a hangman never read the papers? Because he is a nooseman already.
 The band of a regiment is a platoon of itself.—*Marathon Independent.*
 The temperance campaign this fall is a spiritless affair.—*Waterloo Observer.*
 To make a good monkey-wrench, feed him on green apples.—*Fremont Herald.*
 A Chesnut street firm advertise mosquito canopies at a net price.—*Philadelphia Item.*
 With the average widow the deeper the mourning the sweeter the smile.—*Yonkers Gazette.*
 Butter would make a good political candidate. It always runs well at this season.—*Syracuse Herald.*
 If bores afflict you learn to lay bare and wait for the next who drops in.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*
 Our funny contributor says he is not proud, and the only time he feels stuck up is after eating raspberry jam at tea.
 Of all the dangers which beset the ship of matrimony, the most frequent and annoying are squalls.—*Lockport Union.*
 We never fully realized how much more there is in anticipation than realization, until we attended a picnic.—*Lockport Union.*
 The darkey's tour is just before the dawn. Especially if there be a good robust hennery in the vicinity.—*Yonkers Statesman.*
 When your mother-in-law comes to make a three months' visit you may say she's well come, but we doubt it.—*Waterloo Observer.*

"Landlord this egg is old." Impossible sir; it was laid by a very young hen only last spring.—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*
 "What are the wild waves saying?" do you say. Why, give us another boat load of excursionists.—*Bloomington Eye.*
 "Its nice to be a parent," said JONES to SMITH as he dandled his two year old on his knee. "That's very apparent" rejoined SMITH.
 A tramp was drowned while bathing, over in Jersey, a few days ago. Now if we could induce other tramps to bathe.—*Middletown Transcript.*

In some respects the gentler sex far surpasses us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

Rows in time is something that a police man rarely reaches. He may be having a rousin' time somewhere else.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

If Mrs. LANGTRY don't come over pretty soon, General HANCOCK will have a clean walk-over as a professional beauty.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

There is a great deal of biting sarcasm exhibited by a bulldog in a midnight interview with a young man and a guitar among the roses.—*Wild Oats.*

A lightning rod peddler having died recently his widow had him cremated. She sifted enough brass out of his ashes to make a door-knocker.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The Toronto Telegram explains that her name is SARAH BERNHARDT. Allow us to correct our esteemed contemporary. It is SARA BERNHARDT.—*National.*

The Corset Pressers' Association of New Haven has had its annual picnic. The corset pressers of this section have a picnic every week—or oftener.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Don't sit so far away from me, Harry dear," she said to her lover, while they were steaming up the river with the excursion; "don't sit so far away and turn your back to me in that way; people will think we are married."—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*

She yawned, and told him she wished he was a fire. He wanted to know why, and she said, "Oh, fires go out late in the night." Then he looked at her, and she looked at him, and he said he had to be at the store early to-morrow, and guessed he would go.—*Peoria Transcript.*

A merchant whose time for the past year has been so much taken up that he has been unable to remain at home except at meal time, concluded to take a vacation. A friend asked him where he intended to go, and he thought he would go home and get acquainted with his family.—*Rome Sentinel.*

DARWIN tells us that some flowers enjoy a porter house steak. If there is any one sight in life more exhilarating than another, it is to see a delicate moss-rose bud sitting down to a restaurant table and calling for a bit of porter-house steak, cut thick and rare done. Mr. DARWIN is right.—*Rockland Courier.*

If Mr. MARK TWAIN and the Atlantic Monthly could contrive, for one single month, to get along without letting us know that when Mr. CLEMENS was in Europe, on his Yarrupian tour, he learned a little German, it would be a great relief to the many persons who passed through that period of commonplace culture in their early childhood.—*Puck.*

The *Phila. News*: "The man with a cork leg can snap his fingers at a steamboat accident." Not unless he can quickly remove his cork leg and tie it around his neck. When a man with a cork leg is thrown into the water, he floats with that leg up and his head down, and that is very unhealthy. The water runs into his ears.—*Norristown Herald.*

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."—Irish landlord (in distressed district, who had paid compensation for not receiving his rents, and was sinking his capital in drain works, and otherwise "disturbing" his tenants).—"Well, Pat, I hope, with a good harvest, we shall get on without all this 'relief' next season." Pat (an optimist).—"Och, please Heaven, yer honor, I've'll have another bad year yet!"—*Punch.*

There is a tight in the affairs of men, which taken in too frequent floods, leads on to the j. jams; and while wrestling with the subject we may remark that there is a tied in the aft airs of women which—but we must not ridicule the fair ones.—*Argo.*

Just before visiting the menagerie, JOHNNIE had a passage at-arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, JOHNNIE was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal, with a long, lithe body. "What anima' is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an aut-eater, my son." After long silence—"Mamma, can't we bring Aunt MARY here, some day?"—*Amherstburg Echo.*

"Granger." You are right; the wagon jack is used to raise wagons. And the screw jack is used to raise buildings; but it is a mistake to suppose you can raise apples with apple-jack. It isn't in the pins.—*Marathon Independent.* It would be well to observe that the wagon jack alluded to above is not a jackass, although "jacks" of this class have been known to raise wagons, and the drivers also. It is true you cannot raise apples with apple-jack, but you can raise apple-jack with apples or if the wife objects you can raise a row anyhow. Eh, t'other ADAMS?—*Chas. F. Adams.*

A man was yesterday pushing an iron lawn roller around a yard, when an old lady came along, leaned up against the fence and watched him for a while, and then called out: "Say, Mister, what are you pushing that around for?" "To roll the lawn," he answered. "What do you want to roll the lawn for?" "To make it level." What do you want to make it level for?" she continued. "That's what I was ordered to do" he answered, as he wiped away the perspiration. "But what did they order you to do it for?" "Why they think a smooth lawn looks the best, I suppose." "Why do you think a smooth lawn looks the best," she persisted. "I haven't time to talk," he said as he started on again. "Why haven't you time to talk?" she shouted. "Go 'n ask the boss!" he yelled. "Why shall I go 'n ask the boss?" she screamed. He disappeared behind the house to get rid of her, and after waiting five minutes for him to re-appear she slowly sauntered off, muttering: "Some folks are so smart and stuck up that you can't get within a mile of 'em unless you blaze all over with diamonds" —*Collingwood Messenger.*

That wicked comic journal, Grip, has been making naughty caricatures of distinguished members of the Press Excursion party, and among others the beaming countenance of our venerable Queen street contemporary is held up with startling distinctness. He is first depicted as seated alone in his glory on a bare-backed construction car, his glossy plug tilted back at an angle of forty-five degrees (which is a glaring misrepresentation), and gazing with meditative eye and solemn aspect upon the surrounding scenery. He has still further the extreme audacity to outline our revered cotery, as seated behind a table with a "lone hand," and enquiring with a puzzled air "What's trumps?" We throw back upon this traducer of true worth with unspicable scorn the base insinuation that our esteemed confrere has a sneaking fondness for p-ker, euchre or seven-up—no, not even on Sunday would he indulge in such sinful and demoralizing pastimes. If that wicked boy, Grip, does not mend his manners, we will head a subscription to send the military editor of the Times down to Toronto to spank the naughty urchin, and inspire him with a proper respect for virtue and gray hairs.—*Banner.*

The West Toronto Tragedy.

AS PERFORMED AT THE "GLOBE" THEATRE.
Dramatis Personae.

DON PEDRO DE RYAN—Favourite of the people.

GORDONIUS FUSCUS—a patriot—the last of the *Gritti*.

Lord Mayor BEATY—D. RYAN's unscrupulous opponent.

RIGHT—an eccentricity—a man capable of anything, called RIGHT became always in the wrong.

Chorus of good citizens.
CHORUS OF TORONTO BURGLARS.
Mr. Grip, a beneficent spirit.
CHORUS OF LOVELY TORONTO GIRLS AND VISITORS to Exhibition.

ACT I.—PLACE OF NOMINATION.

Chorus of good citizens—Chorus of Burglars—enter Lord Mayor BEATY.

L. M. BEATY—Ye galoots, dead beats and sculawags, hearken! Lend me your ears—fall long are they I throw. If ye elect me then shall the N. P. reduce your rents and pay your water rates, add strength to rye and fire to forty-rod. Elect me and support a Government, of which the head is the illustrious statesman Sir John, the ascetic, the immaculate.

Enter l. Gordonius Fuscus.

GORDONIUS—Sayest thou so, oh thou axegrinding cantiff! Take this, and this, and this! (throws mud).

L. M. BEATY—Woe's me! my spotless shirt front, alas! my go-to-meeting coat is ruined.

Mr. Grip—Hold, enough, GORDONIUS! GORDONIUS, [sotto voce]—A D. D. degree be given to him who says, "hold enough" (holds enough.)

Enter l. Don Pedro de Ryan.

DON P.—I ask your suffrages as honest men who, though to this Dominion it may seem impossible, desire an honest Government.

(Cries of execration from chorus of Burglars)
Peace, knaves, I ask the votes of honest men.

GORDONIUS.—Bless thee, my son!
GRIP.—Bless not and thou art wise. He whom thou bleesest oft is enchered badly.

(Chorus of Honest voters: Hurrah for Ryan.)
Tableau.

ACT II.—CAVE OF DESPAIR, CITY HALL, TORONTO.

(Enter chorus of Burglars r. Lord M. BEATY l.)

L. M. BEATY.—If those honest voters vote,
Then, as you and I suspect,
Tis on RYAN that they vote,
That Reformer they'll elect!

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are!
But since you and I are set,
Dead on this, my glorious gang,
No Reformer hence shall get,
To the Parliament shebang.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are.
When I give the word obey,
And put heads those voters on,
Send their souls some other way,
Throw their bodies to the Don.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are.

ACT III.—STREET NEAR POLLING PLACE

CHORUS OF BURGLARS AND CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—We will have, will have be-lud!

CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.—Oh, pray don't, oh, pray don't.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Will smash heads with horrid thud.

CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.—No you won't, you won't. [Burglars kill honest voters, put on their clothes, go to the polling places and declare Beaty elected.]

Tableau.

ACT IV.—THE POLLING PLACE.

GORDONIUS, (weeping)
BEATY elected, oh my blessed eyes!
My lights and liver, O goroo! goroo!

GRIP.—My good old friend, now do not so take on.

GORDONIUS (frantically),
I blame myself, the vain deluded triplet,
My gray hairs go with sorrow to the—

GRIP.—Stucks!
Listen, and list ye too, the million-fold

Readers of GRIP from ocean shore to shore,
Both men are good, and good is therefore

BEATY,
Nor CAESAR is to POMPEY the more like

Than to great RYAN is the new M. P.
Ah would that M. P. did not mean N. P.
Forget you strife—and see the glorious prospect,

Toronto's Exhibition—and the forms
Of fair Toronto girls, bright-eyed, brown

haired
With skirts of many hues—and radiant-hosed
And clad with lustre like the gold-green

leaves,
The wind waves in the woods of all the

world,
Whose smiles shall humanize these gentle

burglars,
Whose lips shall comfort the o'er thrown

Reformers,
Whose winning ways shall make Mayor

BEATY better.
Doth this content ye?

[Loud Applause.]
[Vision of Exhibition arises to soft music.]

CHORUS OF ALL—It contenteth us.
GORDONIUS—Bless ye, fellow-citizens

CHORUS OF ALL—Pray thee keep thy blessings to thyself, they are, we think, uncanny.

GORDONIUS.—Then will I go and curse
GOLDWINIUS SMITHUS.

Tableau.

Letter from Phil Mulrooney to Mrs. McGladherry.

ME OWN DARLINT MARY JANE,—I have gotten a few minites to spare so i rite you a letter.

Imso nervous on account o the wither an Lightnin an tunder *etcetera*, i mind spellin this word kaws i studied the maynin iv it, it mancs somethin like the Apercean's we used to make at Skool, do ye mind.

Now to begin. i was beginn'n to say, this is the Splendidst country at all. the people Stand sittin at the doore step a smoking av their pipes, afther their work is done of an evenin. What with wooden Pathways and thim sort o things, not like dear ould Kilkenny there's no komparison. Talking o' that it makes me ax a quision is your

uncle's ould cow Kitty alive yet she was a beautiful Baste Gow bless her i forget to tell ye i met Mik fanagin out here wan day

he's thwiven grand by all that's lovely his mother often told me he was her Bye But i think he Tuck afther his father Bat luck to me but you wudnt no l from the other if they were sober

Gim hootahan has got a wagin out here. they call it express, but it isnot. he works it all himself, he pays no rint at all at all, for we both of us sleep in the wagin we git our vittles for nothin, the way we do is this, keep a 10 dollar Bill in our hands and offer it wherever we go, an begorra Mary Jane

they'll give you what you want sooner than change it, change is scarce you se, and it's woutherful too, it's the country for min, wimmin is plirty anywheres. Talking of wimmin Dit Biddy O'Sullivan settle that little account of hers, whin Father Mooney told me ant about it. i knew there would be news. What's another thing i wanted to say, mind, do ye mind let everybod know, that i dont want them to know where i am, show them the lether if ye loike But dont tell them anything. Direct your letter to,

PHIL MULROONEY, Esquire,
The like respectability out here,
Toronto, Canada!!!

My Cousin Kate and I.

We found the picnic crowd a bore,
Our souls were cloyed with cake and pie—
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

We sauntered by the sweet lake shore,
Beneath the maples arching high—
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

The utmost heights of passion's lore
We scaled, and how is that for high?—
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

Oh golden summer hours of yore!
Oh, voice of love that shall not die!
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

C. P. M.

Triumphal Song.

Respectfully Addressed to the West Toronto Tories.

Sing ho! for the Mayor of Toronto town.
And how is that for high?
For the Tories have fought by brave BEATY'S arm,
And have won the victory.
For GORDON BROWN and the men of the *Globe*
Are like to the men that comforted JOB.
CAPREOL hath a wound that none may probe,
And defunct is the Rag Babie.

They told grandfather BLIMPIN that old Mr. JONES was dead. "Ah, well," said he resignedly. "I've noticed that people have been dying ever since I can remember."—*Stuebenville Herald.*

What a sad commentary on our boasted christianity is it that the name of the most obscure hamlet in the country is honored with a capital letter, while "heaven" is almost invariably spelled with a small "h."—*Modern Argo.* Well, Norristown is always spelled with a capital "N," and that comes very near Heaven.—*Norristown Herald.* Aye, true, but it's the tail end.—*Bloomington Eye.*

He who takes poison and is pumped out right away, may live to suicide some other day.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* And he who pops the question, and his girl clopes away, may live to pop the question to another girl some day.—*Oil City Derrick.* And he who pops the question, and she does not say him nay, may wish he had skeddaddled before the wedding day.—*Stuebenville Herald.* And he who did skeddaddled perhaps ere long would say: "She's worth ten thousand dollars.—oh, why did I not stay?"—*Breakfast Table.*

"William, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide, "no I dont." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better-half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered: "I suppose because you were born so."

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

Grant's
Paris
Pattern
Shirts,
AT
55c.
75c.
\$1.00
\$1.25
1.50
\$1.75
\$2.00
To order.
283
Queen
St. West.
Toronto.

JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM. GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. — Postal Card Size, \$3.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Note Size, \$2.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. NEAT POST OFFICE, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG'S. The Leading Undertaking Establishment, OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Complete in Every Department. N.B.—Telephone Communication. 361 YONGE ST.



"STOP THIEF!!"



AFTER WEST TORONTO!

Mrs. Wallace.—Catch me entrusting this precious child to your care again!!

Ang.—"Mine eyes have play'd the fainter, and hat's still'd thy beauty's form in tablet of my heart."



ANGEL.—"Be practical, Augustus, you know the impression would be much more permanent if still'd on one of BRUCE'S beautiful tablet pictures."

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO. vii-22-1y.



Miss Coutts And Her Young Man.

It is a queer thing if a dear sweet maiden lady of sixty-two and a nice young man of twenty-nine, cannot get married if they feel disposed to do so—but it appears they cannot, at least in England, that home of the free. Everything on both sides is agreeable—Miss Courts is good and rich, and Mr. Bartlett is handsome and polite—then pray why shouldn't they be made one? The action of the press, in assuming a paternal attitude and peremptorily forbidding the banns is a phenomenal exhibition of cheek, and indicates the danger of encouraging the modern growth of "society" journalism. Garr extends his sympathy to the Baroness, and would advise her to go on with the show, notwithstanding these impertinent intruders into private affairs, whose long noses deserve to be sharply twisted.

Cooks are said proverbially to have tempers, and the rival claimants for the most successful cookery of the public accounts exemplify the proverb. "You know you cooked them, you hussey," said Mrs. Carrington to her rival. Mrs. C. having had the misfortune to lose her place as cook to Mrs. Canada, was very ill-tempered, and having the best command of language was too much for her in this dialogue. "And if I did, you mean thing, you were the first to begin it," retorted Mrs. Tilley. There was a sad use of bad language and a grievous loss of temper on the part of the two respectable old ladies.

GRIGG HOUSE. Cor. York and Richmond Streets, London. FIRST CLASS HOTEL. RATES:—\$1.50 PER DAY. SAM'L GRIGG.—PROPRIETOR.



For sale by all leading grocers.

AGENTS: SMITH & KEIGHLEY, TORONTO, LIGHTBOUND, RALSTON & Co., MONTREAL. J. A. BANFIELD, No. 2 Ontario Chambers, TORONTO, Local Agent.

HOSSACK, WOODS & Co., Manufacturers, Quebec.

MACHINERY HALL, 55 FRONT ST., EAST.

SECOND-HAND MACHINERY FOR SALE.

Baldwin Lathe, latest improved self-acting. American make; cost \$375. Price, f. o. b. here, \$100. Resaw, 24 in. diam. pulley on mandril 10 x 6 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or bevel. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S.; cost \$150. Price \$125. Gauge Lathe, bed 9 ft. long, 21 in. wide, 2 1/2 ft. high, will do plain or fancy turning, all complete; cost \$210. Price, \$150.

Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.

Machinery taken on consignment. We guarantee every machine leaving our establishment in good working order.

WM. DINGMAN & Co., 55 FRONT STREET, EAST, TORONTO.

VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE. NOTED FOR PURE TEAS!

Over 50 different grades, varieties, and mixtures in stock. GET PRICE LIST.

EDWARD LAWSON, 93 KING ST. EAST.